SLEEP AND DEATH.

Two sisters they; one wanton, light of heart,
Who takes us to her breast and laughs goodby;
One, chaste as ice, in her white room doth lie,
But him she loves she never lets depart!
—Arthur Stringer in Ainslee's Magazine.

Stackpole's Stump Fence

Old Cyrus' Lucky Escape From the Recoil of His Own Hate.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

"I don't see but what you will just have to submit, Cyrus," said Colonel Bowker. "The law seems to be pretty clear on the subject. When the state grants a railroad a charter and a town grants it the right of way, the railroad company can take at a fair appraised value any property lying in the line of its survey, provided the owner refuses to sell at an agreed price. That covers the facts in this case. You refuse to sell the company a strip on the south side of your orchard. The state says to the company, 'We give you the right to appropriate that land at our appraisal.' It's no use for the owner to protest. The law can do nothing for him. If there was a ghost of a chance to fight, Cyrus, I'd be glad to do what I could for you. But a lawyer can't do anything when there's no law on his side."

Colonel Bowker tipped his chair back and threw one leg over the corner of his littered table. An old man, trembling with impotent rage, sat in a rickety armchair on the other side of the table. His chin quivered and his thin lips kept opening and shutting as the senior village lawyer spoke.

"Then ef the law can't do anything for me I'll do it for myself," cried the old man, bringing his withered fist down on the arm of the chair. "I'll see ef a man kin be robbed of what's be'n his'n for 50 year and be'n in the family for more'n a hundred!"

"I hope you won't do anything rash, Cyrus," said the colonel blandly. "It's a case where the welfare of the many overrides the welfare of the individual, you see. The law provides no recourse for the individual in such a case."

"I got done with the law, I tell ye!" shouted the old man fiercely. "I'm dependin on myself now. I said ef the law couldn't help me I'd help myself. I'll see ef they kin run their consarned trains through my orchard without my permission. A man's propputty's his own. The' ain't no law that kin knock that fact out o' the Ten Commandments."

Colonel Bowker accompanied his irate client to the door. "Better be cautious, Cyrus," he said as the old man plunged down the steps. "Don't do anything in a hurry. Take time to think it over. And remember that I am always ready to advise you on any point that may come up."

Cyrus Stackpole drove home in a blind rage. He was one of those old men who are as set as the everlasting hills, and the fact that everything seemed to be arrayed against his will in this instance only served to make his resolve the stronger. He was bound and determined that the new railroad should not pass through his orchard. There was no particular reason why it should be denied this right of way except that Cyrus had taken a notion not to allow it. The trees in the orchard had been set out by his father's father, and their knotted and wrinkled trunks and limbs had long since passed the age of fruit bearing. They only served to cumber the ground, but Cyrus would not cut them down and plant new ones. They were a part of the old order of things, and Cyrus was a conservative of the conservatives. A peck of bitter, worm eaten windfalls from the old trees was more to his liking than a bushel of sound and toothsome fruit from younger and more vigorous stock. That the pert modern railroad should desecrate his venerable orchard was not to be endured. It went against the old man's grain, and that grain was exceedingly tough.

As it happened, however, Cyrus Stackpole fell into the clutches of a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism soon after his visit to Colonel Bowker's law office and about the time when the railroad men came to grade and prepare the roadbed across his orchard. The work was all done while the old man was groaning and fuming in bed, and by the time he got about again the ties and rails were laid through his orchard. Then the first train came along, roaring triumphantly and vomiting black smoke over what remained of the ancient apple trees.

Upon this Cyrus bestirred himself, though physical exertion still sent excruciating pains through his joints. The regular passenger train schedule had been in operation just a day when he began to do for himself what the law could not or would not do for him. At 3 o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon, his wife having driven to the village, Cyrus hitched up a yoke of oxen and began to drag stumps from the stump fence on the north side of the orchard to the railroad bed. He chose the largest and soundest and toughest stumps he could find and by 6 o'clock had a formidable fence built across the railroad on the exact boundary of his orchard. The roots of the stumps bristled in the direction from which the next train would approach, the train from Wilmington, due to pass at 8 o'clock in the evening. Should a locomotive strike those formidable roots the butt of the stump would only be driven firmer into the ground. Something would have to stop or smash, and Cyrus felt confident that it would not be the stump.

It was several minutes past 6 when the horn blew for supper. Cyrus was glad of the extra time and glad that his field of operations was hidden from the house by a rise of land. When he came slowly up from the orchard with the tired oxen, his wife met him at the back door.

"Here's a letter for ye," she said. "Supper's a leetle mite late, but the old mare limps so I couldn't git home as soon's I planned. Better read the letter 'fore ye set down to eat, hadn't ye?"

"No," answered Cyrus, limping to the barn with the oxen. "It'll keep until arter I've had a cup o' tea, I reckon."

Cyrus Stackpole ate his supper deliberately and then sank into the old padded rocker by the window and opened his letter. Hardly had he commenced to read it when, with a startling cry, he sprang to his feet again and ran stumbling to the barn. Her husband's cry and sudden leap caused Mrs. Stackpole to drop a lot of plates she was carrying to the sink, but not even the terrific crash of broken crockery elicited the slightest attention from Cyrus. The letter had fluttered from the old man's hand to the floor as he ran, and Mrs. Stackpole stooped and picked it up with shaking fingers. Something in that letter, she knew, had caused her husband's sudden dismay.

She turned first to the signature. It was from Frank, their own dear boy, from whom they had not heard for two years and whom they had about given up for dead, since he disappeared in the Alaskan goldfields. He wrote:

Dear Father and Mother—I am coming home at last—a rich man! Have been out of the world, practically, since I wrote you last—living in a hut 200 miles beyond civilization. Will tell you all when I see you. Look for me next Tuesday evening. I learn that you have a new railroad now, and I can reach you by train the same evening I get to Wilmington. God bless you both!
Lovingly, FRANK.

What was there in that blessed letter that could have caused her husband such distress? Mrs. Stackpole wiped the tears of joy from her eyes and sped out to the barn.

"Cyrus," she cried, "what on airth air ye doing?"

Cyrus was hurriedly replacing the yoke on the necks of the weary oxen. His hands trembled. His face was overspread with an ashen gray pallor.

"Git out o' the way!" he shouted as he lashed the oxen from the barn, the long chain that dangled from the yoke clattering behind. He caught a lantern from a nail and hurried after the startled and bewildered beasts.

"Where air ye going, Cyrus?" demanded his wife, following the distracted old man as he led the oxen over the crest of the hill to the orchard bars. Cyrus made no reply, and his wife followed him. Then she saw the bristling stump fence across the railroad, and the whole dreadful truth flashed upon her. Cyrus had built a fence to stop or wreck the next train, and that was the very train that Frank had written he should take from Wilmington!

The village station was a mile beyond the Stackpole farm. The train would not have even begun to slow down when it passed through the orchard. It was already getting dusk. It would be pitch dark by the time the train came along in just an hour.

Cyrus Stackpole never looked at his wife, but worked with feverish haste, and she did not interrupt him, for she knew that every moment was precious. The oxen strained mightily at the great stumps, but they were so crowded together and interlocked that it was hard to get them off the track. Cyrus had performed his defiant task unfortunately well.

"Light the lantern!" cried the panting old man at last. His wife took the match he flung her and kindled the slight flame in the dusty globe. Cyrus bent and adjusted the chain anew by the candle's feeble light. Then the oxen strained together once more, but the biggest stump of all would not move. The long, tough roots were wedged between and under the rails.

"God!" groaned the old man. It was the shortest of prayers, but it was a prayer and not an imprecation.

"Hark!" cried the trembling old wife. From far off through the darkness came a faint rumbling sound. It was the evening train from Wilmington!

"Cyrus," exclaimed the woman, "red light 'll stop 'em. I've heard so. Hain't we got anything to make a red light with? Quick!"

Cyrus disgorged the contents of all his pockets at one sweep. Among them was an old fashioned red bandanna handkerchief. His wife seized it, with a cry of joy, and, catching up the lantern, hastened down the track toward the approaching train. She turned up the wick of the lantern until it smoked furiously. Then she wrapped the red handkerchief around the globe, held the lantern up in both hands and slowly swayed it to and fro.

The train was almost upon her before the engineer saw the faint red signal. But the airbrakes did their magic work, and the engine stopped within 20 feet of the last huge, bristling stump of Cyrus Stackpole's fence across the railroad. Frank Stackpole was one of the first passengers to leap from the intercepted train.

"What in thunder—why, father's old orchard!" he exclaimed. "And here's—mother!" He caught a tottering, gray haired figure in his strong arms. Mrs. Stackpole, like all heroines, had first accomplished her deed and then fainted away.

The railroad company did not enter a complaint against Cyrus Stackpole. His big, black bearded, healthy son may have had something to do with that and he may not. Very likely the unrestricted and undisputed right of way through the old man's orchard was an inducement. At any rate, the matter was dropped, and Cyrus Stackpole proved to be so subdued in spirit that only two days after his stump fence disappeared from the track he rode through his own orchard on one of the detested trains on his way to Wilmington with his son to buy a brand new suit of clothes and "see the sights."—New York Evening Post.

Laughter Saved the Ship.

Humor has been credited with the saving of many things, but perhaps never before has a ship been saved by its judicious application. In a great storm many years ago a ship's crew were all at prayers, when a boy burst into a fit of violent laughter. Being reproved for his ill timed mirth and asked the reason for it, he said, "Why, I was laughing to think what a hissing the boatswain's red nose will make when it comes in contact with the water." This ludicrous remark set the crew laughing, inspired them with new spirits, and by a great exertion they brought the vessel safely into port.—Liverpool Post.

A Professor on Rowing.

A story is told about a well known Oxford don who knew more about the travels of Ulysses than about the boat he sailed in. He went down to the river one day to watch the eight practicing. He gazed for awhile in silence. "Yes," he said at last, "they look very nice—very nice indeed, I may say—but how extremely awkward it must be for them to learn to row backward."

Dimes make dollars.

HOME.

Cling to thy home, if there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that heaven allots thee for thy board—
Unsavory bread and herbs that scattered grow
Wild on the river brink or mountain brow,
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.
—From the Greek of Leonidas, by Robert Bland.

The Absentminded Doctor.

One of New York's best known physicians has also the reputation of being one of the most absentminded of men.

He was engaged the other evening stuffing a trunk and dress suit case with clothing and manuscripts preparatory to starting immediately for a western city where he was to lecture before a convention of pathologists on that branch of therapeutics which had brought him fame. A number of his professional friends who were to accompany him were in waiting. The luggage was well on its way to the railway station, the doctor and his friends following, when his friends were surprised to see the doctor start suddenly as though he had suffered a cardiac shock and clasp his breast on the left side. They threw their arms about him to support him and prevent him from falling, but the doctor waved them off and smiled.

"Boys," he exclaimed, "I've forgot to bring any money with me. It's one on me. Come back to the office a minute, and we'll have a drop of that Scotch you all know so well." The invitation was readily accepted by his fellows, who were hilarious at the joke on the man who was to devote one of his series of lectures to "the loss of memory, its causes and remedy." Seated in his study, he said:

"Boys, we are a bit early for the train, and while we're waiting I'll tell you of an embarrassing experience which happened me as a result of my treacherous memory on my last tour through the west.

"Two of us started from New York, Dr. Blank, a tall fellow, like myself, but a great deal more thoughtful of little things that make life's pathway a bit smoother at times. He had arranged everything, not forgetting even extra collar buttons. We had nearly reached Buffalo when I remembered that all my clothing as well as my manuscripts were at home in a trunk waiting for the expressman I had forgotten to send for. A few days before starting I managed to think to express duplicate copies of my addresses ahead to the city where I was to begin the course of lectures.

"I telegraphed to New York to send on my clothing, but we were already nearly 15 hours ahead of the next express and had figured to arrive in town just in time to snatch a mouthful of food and get to the lecture room.

"My manuscripts had arrived all right, but there I was in a traveling costume of linen, covered with dust and not fit to be presented to an audience who were anticipating much, even in the way of dress, from a New York specialist. My linen was thoroughly soiled on the trip, and I didn't have time to buy new shirts, collars or cuffs. Dr. Blank had brought several suits of clothes with him as well as a good supply of linen, so we overcame this obstacle and thought little more about it. But linen and outside wearing apparel weren't the only things I found I needed when I began to take advantage of Blank's generous offer to clothe myself from skin to head covering. I only wore my own shoes because Blank's were one size smaller and a trifle narrower than mine. But other than furnishing me with footwear I was clothed throughout in Blank's wardrobe. It was not evening dress, but a suit of the frock cut, which answered very well, and I considered it at least semiappropriate for the occasion.

"The lecture hall was but a short way from the hotel, and I told Blank to go ahead and I would follow immediately, as we were now some minutes late. Blank obeyed and announced that I would soon be there, as I was then dressing. After dressing I discovered I was low in funds, very low, and of course, desiring to keep up the reputation of the profession in the metropolis, I didn't care to go among strangers without enough money to sustain this reputation in case of an emergency.

"I searched through the pockets of the clothing I had discarded and, writing a check for $100, rushed to the desk of the hotel to have it cashed. I passed it to the clerk with that request. I suppose he mistook my haste for excitement and looked at me suspiciously as he read the signature on the check. I requested that he would not delay me and showed him my name on the register, where Blank had registered for me. I quickly discerned the expression of suspicion in the clerk's face, and it made me angry. Again I demanded that he grant my request at once.

"'How are we to know you are the person whose signature is on this check?' he asked.

"I told him I didn't know how he was to know it, but that I was a guest in the hotel.

"'Have you anything about you that will identify you?' he inquired.

"'I have letters addressed to me,' said I, forgetting I had on Blank's clothes, and I thrust my hand in the inside pocket and threw him a whole bundle without looking at them.

"I saw the clerk read the name on the envelopes, look at me again and retire to another room. Immediately another gentleman, who I afterward learned was the proprietor of the hotel, came out carrying the bundle of letters in his hand.

"'I beg pardon,' he said, 'but there seems to be some misunderstanding. Have you anything further to identify you; any marking on your clothes?'

"Now, I always have my initials stuck in my hat, so I snatched it off my head and, again without looking at it, handed my hat—or, rather, Blank's hat—to my interrogator. He looked inside the hat, changed his glance toward me for a moment and asked me to step into the office, an invitation I mistook as meaning he was to deliver the money and that he was convinced I was the person I had represented myself to be. He requested me to wait a moment, but I noted he still carried my hat—or, again, Blank's hat—with him as he left the room. He returned shortly, accompanied by another person, who I afterward learned was the hotel detective. Without ceremony the newcomer addressed me in no polite language.

"'We've been looking for you for a long time, and we've finally got you,' he said. 'You're a forger. Now, you write your signature again before me, or you'll have to accompany me to the police station.'

"I protested, but to no avail, so at last I accommodated him and was shocked when he brought the register before me and compared the writings, which of course were entirely different.

"I tried to explain that Blank had registered for me, that I had on his suit of clothes and hat, but the detective laughed at me. I didn't think of wearing Blank's linen, and so I opened my vest and challenged him to note the initials on the flap of my shirt. He complied with this request, and I suddenly remembered that I also had on Blank's shirt and attempted to tell him of this fact, but it was no use. He didn't stop at my shirt flap, but investigated the straps of my underwear, where in ink indelible as night was marked in big letters 'J. H. B.' He removed my collar, my necktie, my cuffs, and on each of these things he found the same markings of the same indelible initials, 'J. H. B.'

"I looked at my watch. It was nearly 9 o'clock, and I was down for the first address. I protested till I was tired as I for the second time put on Blank's garments, which had got me into such an embarrassing predicament. I was actually being led from the hotel to the police station when Blank, all excited, rushed in and grabbed me by the arm. Explanations followed, and apologies came later from the clerk, the proprietor and the detective, and I finally delivered my lecture. But after it I needed the hundred given me on my check by the proprietor to square myself with the boys.

"By the way," he concluded, looking at his watch, "I almost forgot we were going to take the 9:30. We've got just 15 minutes to get it, and it'll take some lively hustling to make the station."—New York Times.

Remarkable Memories.

"Memory," said old Fuller, the author of the "Worthies," who himself possessed a wonderful power of reminiscence, "is the storehouse of the mind, wherein the treasures thereof are kept and preserved." It is unquestionably true that as a rule great writers have had memories of more than ordinary tenacity and range. The faculty of reminiscence feeds the fires of the imagination and keeps lucid and orderly the sequence of philosophic thought. How much Milton, for example, profited by his prehensile and trustworthy memory is evident. Not only such poems as "Lycidas," but "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," are studded with translations or paraphrases of exquisite extracts from the classic poets.

We are told that Pascal never forgot anything he had seen, heard or thought. Avicenna could repeat by rote the entire Koran when he was 10 years old, and Francis Suarez had the whole of St. Augustine in his memory. In three weeks Scaliger, the famous scholar, committed to memory every line of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." Another scholar, Justus Lipsius, offered to repeat the "Histories" of Tacitus without a mistake on forfeit of his life.

A Southern Conundrum.

In the olden time before the war, the days so famous for generous hospitality in the south, a brilliant party was assembled at dinner in a beautiful country homestead. Across the table wit flashed back and forth, and the guests began to vie with one another in proposing conundrums.

Mr. Alexander H. Stephens offered one which puzzled the whole company. "What is it that we eat at breakfast and drink at dinner?"

For some time no answer came, and the bright eyes of the southern orator began to sparkle with triumph, when Colonel Johnson, taking up the "Commonplace Book" of the hostess, which lay conveniently by, wrote impromptu upon the flyleaf the following answer:

What is eaten for breakfast and drunken for dinner?
Is it coffee or eggs or butter or meats?
Sure double the stomach of obdurate sinner
Who eats what he drinks and drinks what he eats.

But let us consider; 'tis surely not butter
Nor coffee nor meats, whether broiled or roast,
Nor boiled eggs nor poached nor fried in a batter,
It must, then, be bread. Ah, yes; when 'tis toast!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A Child's Logic.

Oliver Wendell Holmes used to tell a story illustrative of the keen perception of children. He was present at a gathering where he chanced to be seated near the refreshment table and noticed a little girl looking longingly at the table. In his kindly way he said, "Are you hungry, my child?" She replied bashfully in the affirmative. "Then why don't you take a sandwich?" he asked. The little maid responded, "Because I haven't any fork." The Autocrat quoted smilingly, "Fingers were made before forks," and, to his intense amusement, she answered, "Not my fingers!"

A diseased liver declares itself by moroseness, mental depression, lack of energy, restlessness, melancholy and constipation. Herbine will restore the liver to a healthy condition. Price 50c. Dr J. M. Jones.

Eggshell Flowerpots.

Eggshells may be used to advantage in starting delicate plants for transplanting. The half shells are filled with earth and set in a box also containing dampened earth. A hole is made in the point of the shell to allow drainage. A single seed is then planted in each shell, which is easily broken when transplanting is done without the slightest disturbance of roots. This use of eggshells is the discovery of a French gardener, who claims that they are vastly superior to the little pots generally used for the purpose by florists.

How the Fuss Started.

"That hand me down suit you're wearing," remarked Rivers, "reminds me of an unripe watermelon."

"Why?" asked Brooks.

"Because it's so different. One isn't cut to fit, and the other isn't fit to cut."

It was then that Brooks blazed away at him.—Pick-Me-Up.

Hamlin's Soliloquy.

Hamlin (standing before the tattooed man in the dime museum)—Heavens, how that fellow must suffer if he ever gets the jimjams!—Smart Set.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE.

Be it known that six months after the publication of this notice as soon thereafter as I can be heard, I shall apply to the Hon. J. Lee McCrory, County Judge of Volusia County, Florida, for my final discharge as guardian of the person and estate of Nora V. Haines, before marriage Nora V. Jackson, at which time I shall present all my vouchers, making my final accounting and ask for such discharge.

G. M. WALLACE, Guardian Aforesaid.
Daytona, Fla., April 13 1901.

Schedule Effective May 1.

NORTHBOUND No. 4	NORTHBOUND No. 2			SOUTHBOUND No. 1	SOUTHBOUND No. 3
7:45 pm	7:25 am	Lv.	Jacksonville (A. V. & W.) Ar.	8:55 pm	8:55
11:05 pm	10:55 am	Ar.	Vaidosa (A. V. & W.) Lv.	5:20 pm	5:20
3:50 am	4:10 pm	Ar.	Macon (G. S. & F.) Lv.	11:30 am	12:45
7.25 am	7:35 pm	Ar.	Atlanta (C. of G.) Lv.	8:00 am	9:00
1:00 pm	12:30 am	Ar.	Chattanooga (W. & A.) Lv.	4:05 am	3:00
5:55 pm	5:35 am	Ar.	Nashville (N. C. & St. L.) Lv.	10:55 pm	9:20
3:25 am	7:24 pm	Ar.	St. Louis (I. C.) Lv.	8:36 am	10:1
7:25 pm	7:00 am	Lv.	Nashvillt (N. C. & St. L.) Ar.	8:35 pm	9:0
1:47 pm	12:10 pm	Lv.	Martin (I. C.) Ar.	2:55 pm	3:1
10:50 am		Ar.	Chicago (I. C.) Lv.		6:1
7:30 pm	5:48 am	Lv.	Nashville (L. & N.) Ar.	10:42 pm	8:3
12:50 am	9:50 am	Ar.	Evansville (L. & N.) Lv.	6:35 pm	3:1
9:15 am	5:30 pm	Ar.	Chicogo (C. & E. I.) Lv.	11:05 am	7:0

No. 4—DIXIE FLYER, carries through Pullman Buffet Sleepers between Jacksonville and St. Louis, making direct connections for all points in the West and Northwest. Through sleeping car reservations made to Louisville, Cincinnati and Chicago, only requiring passengers to step from one car into another.

No. 2—DAY EXPRESS, coaches Jacksonville to Atlanta, connecting with through sleeper Atlanta to St. Louis, and at Nashville with through sleeper for Chicago.

All correspondance promptly answered and Sleeping Car Berths reserved. Will be glad meet passengers at depot in Jacksonville or my office, 224 West Bay Street. Drop me a line.

WALTER HAWKINS, Gen'l Agent Traffic Department, Jacksonville, Fla.
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E. H. HINTON, Traffic Manager, Savannah, Ga.